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RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.  
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No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

Comfort One Another.  
Comfort one another;  
For the way is growing dreary,  
The feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
There is heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that ever we were glad.  
Comfort one another;  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetest love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken,  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.  
Comfort one another;  
There are words of music ringing  
Down the ages, sweet as singing  
Of the happy choir above.  
Hallowed saint and mighty angel,  
Lift the grand deep-voiced evangel,  
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.  
Comfort one another;  
By the hope of Him who sought us  
In our peril—Him who bought us,  
Paying with His precious blood;  
By the faith that will not alter,  
Trusting strength that shall not falter,  
Leaning on the One Divinely Good.  
Comfort one another;  
Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,  
While the Spirit's words remind you  
Of the youth beyond the tomb.  
Where no more is pain or parting,  
Fever's flush or tear-drop starting,  
But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.  
—Mrs. Margaret E. Sengeler.

DISCHANCED

What a lovely picture she made, with the warm flush of the sunset light all around her!—a tall, slender creature, with grace in every motion; with her small head so royally poised on the fair, white throat, and its bright hair crowning it like a golden glory; with her clear complexion of fine pale olive and a delicious pink tint, like the color of an oleander in her satiny cheeks and with her lovely dark-brown eyes, soft as velvet.  
And Ross Wycherly was madly in love with her, and only waiting in feverish impatience for the time when he might dare tell her.  
From a luxurious cushioned-chair at the same window where Jessica was standing in the sunset-glory Mrs. Roberts, her aunt, and only living female relative, looked coldly at her.  
"I am tired of the delay in the accomplishment of your plans, Jessica. You promised me you would settle them to my satisfaction in three months at furthest."  
Jessica turned away from the lace-draped window, and indolently seated herself in a gold-colored plush chair, that suited her lovely beauty as a throne does a queen. Then she laughed, one of her low, delicious little laughs, that, while Ross Wycherly swore it was the sweetest music in all the world, never failed to irritate Aunt Theodosia.  
"I don't see what there is to be amused at," she said, fretfully. "I am sure if you had all the frightful expense on your hands that I have assumed in taking this big, handsome house, fully furnished, wholly for your opportunity to secure Ross—"  
Jessica interrupted her by a sudden, little laughly motion of her head.  
"Spare me the customary recital of your household annoyance, auntie. You are impatient—too impatient. You don't suppose I can tell Mr. Wycherly that he should propose because she finds her funds running alarmingly low?"  
"Don't talk like an idiot, Jessica!"  
"But that is the way you feel about it. You must be reasonable as I am. I told you I would guarantee to bring Mr. Wycherly to my feet in three months' time, if you would adopt the role of the wealthy, elderly lady, and I your heiress niece. You have done it so far, and so have I. In less than a week I will tell you I am the betrothed wife of the richest, handsomest man in the State, the prospective mistress of Wycherly Park."  
Mrs. Roberts caught a spark from the girl's quiet enthusiasm.  
"Do you really think so, Jessica? Mistress of Wycherly Park—it doesn't seem possible! It means so much for you—luxury and elegance, riches unlimited all the rest of your life, and a stated income to me for all I have done for you. It has cost me thousands of dollars, Jessica."  
"I suppose it has," she answered, coolly. "But you may set your heart at rest. Ross Wycherly is as desperately in love with me as ever man was with woman, and I might have had him at my feet weeks ago, only that I would not permit him to think I could be so lightly won. Wait another week, auntie; you'll see."  
And she smiled so bewitchingly, showing her little milk-white teeth, that it was a pity her lover was not there to see her.  
The next morning a letter was handed her, addressed in an illiterate scraggling hand to Miss Jessica Heath, that brought the scarlet blushes to her cheeks, and made her bite her lovely scarlet lips angrily.  
"Again," she thought, as she tore it open impatiently. "What can be the matter now? It seems as if Margaret

takes pleasure in thrusting herself upon me on every occasion."  
And the displeasure in her face did not lessen when she read the ill-spelled, ill-written, but urgent note.  
"DEAR JESSIE," it said, "Mother is much worse, and you must come right away. If you don't I will have to send her to you and Aunt Doshy. You haven't paid your share of expenses for four months. Please bring it; we are in need of it."  
"It is just Margaret over again, to send for me to come under the one threat she knows will only take me to her. And I shall have to take the twenty dollars I have 'scrimped out' to buy those lovely pink-and-blue silk stockings, to keep her mouth shut. Just suppose if she should send mother here now, of all times! I'd better take the first train to Hillborough and see what is the matter. And I was to drive with Mr. Wycherly to-night, too!"  
She looked at the cuckoo clock high up on the wall. She had just time, and none to spare, to dress and catch the train, and write a message of apology and explanation to Ross Wycherly, to be delivered by a servant after she had gone.  
But, by some curious fatality, Mr. Wycherly called at the house before the careless servant had delivered the note, and the maid who had answered his summons at the door very frankly told him where Miss Heath had gone—to Hillborough, to Mrs. Belden's.  
He looked, as he felt, very much disappointed.  
"How unfortunate! I suppose she left some special message for me? Ah, I thought so," he cried, as a handsome face lighting with pleasure as the tardy servant hearing his voice stepped up with his note, the very contact with which sent delightful thrills all along his veins.  
It was an exquisite little message, in Jessica's sweetest style, and most charmingly vague as to her going and destination, but promised to be home by the latest train that same evening, and bade him not forget her for a few hours.  
He read the note as though it had been written by angel hands, and he was wonderfully made worthy to receive it, and put it reverently away in his vest pocket, and then made up his mind to take the next train for Hillborough and surprise his darling and escort her home.  
"It will please her so, my lovely, bright-eyed Jessie! I can see her face light up, in imagination, as it will when I walk in this Mrs. Belden's parlor and take her by surprise. And then, when I am bringing her home and have her all to myself, I will tell her what she must already know—how madly I love her, and how eager I am to have her for my wife—my beautiful, peerless queen!"  
For Mr. Ross Wycherly was desperately in love, and knew how to be a most gallant, devoted, impatient lover.  
Three hours after Jessica had entered the front door of Mrs. Belden's house and been escorted to the little back room that served as a parlor and sitting-room during the season when fires were necessary, Mr. Wycherly stopped at the front gate of the same house, piloted by an ambitious young urchin, who grinned with satisfaction at the quarter he received for his services.  
"That 'ere's the house—Mrs. Belden's. I know 'em all—Jim and Gus and little Mag, and the crazy old gran'-mother. Ye better pile right in, 'cause that 'ere door-bell's broke."  
Wycherly, conscious of a feeling of astonishment as to what could have brought his lady-love to a place so forlorn and desolate as this, suddenly understood as he heard young Tim's words.  
"She has come on an errand of mercy and charity, my darling! When she is my wife she shall have no limit to her mercy and benevolent fund; and I love her better than ever for this evidence of her quiet goodness so carefully hidden from me."  
He went up through the shabby front yard and on the little porch, to find that the boy's prophecy regarding the door-bell was true. It was indeed silent and useless, nor did one, or two or three knocks on the door bring any answer.  
"I suppose I may as well go in," he thought.  
And so he tried the door-knob, and found it readily admitted him into a forlorn little hall, dim and dusty, from which a door, standing open, entered into a plain-furnished, chilly little room that was evidently the parlor.  
A rap at the parlor door failing to bring any one, Wycherly sat resignedly down to wait until some one did come; and five minutes afterward he heard the emphatic opening and closing of disunited doors, and then the sound of foot-steps in the room directly overhead, between which room and the one he occupied was an open store-hole in the ceiling, down which came a voice sharp, vexatious, resolute, that pronounced the name of his beloved.  
"I want to know what you're going to do about it, Jessica. Two dollars and a half a week for her keep and clothes is pittance enough when it comes regularly, but when it doesn't come at all—well, I can't stand it no longer!

She's your mother as well as mine, and if I have all the trouble you've got to pay for her board!"  
If a thunderbolt had fallen at Wycherly's feet he would not have been more astonished.  
Jessica's low, silver-sweet voice answered:  
"She must be quite useful to you, Margaret. She can sew and mend, when she's not very bad—and really, it is a great expense, ten dollars a month year in and year out."  
"A great expense to you, Jessica Heath, living in luxury and having all in the world you want! And your own mother suffering for nourishing food and the jellies the doctors say she must have."  
"That's nonsense! Doctors always do order the most ridiculous extravagances, and mother can do without them. It's a perfect nuisance, at the best; if she'd die we'd all be better off!"  
Wycherly arose from his chair, a look of agony on his face, a feeling in his heart as if all the world were crumbling over his head.  
"I thank God I haven't got your heart in my body!" Margaret Belden said. "Ever since you was a child you've been selfish and heartless—you'd always get the best again, no matter what went without. And now, for five years, ever since Aunt Doshy took you and has brung you up like herself, you've been worse'n ever. Go your gait, Jessica Heath, and let your poor, crazy old mother, who lost her senses in bringing you into the world, die, or starve, or suffer, as you choose!"  
And Wycherly distinctly heard Jessica's low, sarcastic laugh.  
"You too homely to be dramatic, Margaret. Leave that to me; and don't envy my worldly prosperity, when you see that poor and in debt everywhere, as auntie and I are, we have, nevertheless, contrived to secure a glorious future for myself. I am to marry one of the richest men in the State, for all I am so mean, and treacherous, and heartless, and selfish as you say!"  
Somehow Wycherly got out of the house as unperceived as he got in; but what an awful difference in the man! Hope, love, joy, trust—all had gone crashing down under the ruin of his idol, and from henceforth his one duty was to bear his pitiful pain until disciplined into thankfulness that the blow had not come later.  
At home Jessica Heath found a note awaiting her on her dressing-table from Ross Wycherly, and her beautiful face wore a proud smile as she opened it.  
When she finished the page she threw herself upon the lounge, and cried and cursed by turns at the same hour that Margaret Belden opened a letter that contained a hundred-dollar bill for Mrs. Heath's sole use—a letter that was unsigned, unnamed, and while Mrs. Roberts retired into deepest, poverty-stricken retirement, lamenting her mad folly, and Jessica Heath was glad to do anything to earn her daily bread—a man, worn, soured woman—Ross Wycherly was abroad, hourly growing more contented and happy, and ready to be consoled by a fair girl he had met in *la belle France*.  
The Sulphur Slaves of Sicily.  
The sulphur is extracted and brought to the surface by human beings, and, indeed, chiefly by children. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" might have been written in the sulphur mines of Sicily. Hundreds and hundreds of children who have scarcely the form of human beings, are sent down the steep, slippery stairs into the muddy, watery depths. Here they are laden with as much material as they can sustain, and they must reascend with it on their backs, stumbling at every step, often falling back into the bottom of the pit with broken limbs, or even dead. The elder ones, writes an eye-witness, arrive at the pit's mouth shrieking, the little ones crying and sobbing. The mortality exceeds that of any other province of Italy; the statistics of the lava show an incredible number of lame and deformed, and of young men of one-and-twenty totally unfit for military service.  
A Cure for Drunkenness.  
Under the heading "A Radical Cure for Drunkenness," a Hungarian paper tells the following Russian story: A workman brought a complaint against four of his fellows that they had given him twenty-five blows with a stick. The accused, on being asked for their defense, produced an agreement in writing, one clause of which expressly stipulated that if one of their number drank to such an extent as not to be able to work, the others were to measure out to him twenty-five blows, and that they had merely carried out the agreement. Upon this the magistrate discharged them, remarking that they were not deserving of blame for what they had done, but rather of praise.  
A lady physician says: "The prime cause of weakness and disease among our women and girls is owing to errors in dress and lack of physical exercise, in fact, utter laziness."

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.  
If a child has a bad earache, dip a plug of cotton wool in oil, warm it and place it in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out of draughts.  
The following is said to be a cure for hoarseness: A piece of flannel, dipped in brandy and applied to the chest, and covered with a dry flannel, is to be worn at night. Four or six small onions boiled and put on buttered toast and eaten for supper are likewise good for a cold in the chest.  
To cure corns, take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and leave two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.  
Each inhalation of pure air is returned loaded with poison; 150 grains of it added to the atmosphere of a bedroom every hour, or 1,200 grains during the night. Unless the poison-laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of air passing through the rooms, the blood becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, causing frightful dreams.  
To cure ingrowing toe nails, one authority says: Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it until it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and grow destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.  
Subjects for Thought.  
Faith saves ourselves, but love benefits others.  
Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.  
The best navigation—steering clear of the rocks of contention.  
Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution.  
Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock with one's hand; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind.  
We are sowing seeds of truth or error, of dishonesty or integrity, every day we live and everywhere we go, that will take root in somebody's life.  
The business of life is to go forward like they see evil in prospect meets it on the way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it.  
A man who helps to circulate a piece of gossip is as bad as the one who originated it. To put your fist into a tar-barrel and then go round shaking hands with somebody is what some people like to do.  
Man too easily cheats himself with talking repentance for reformation, resolutions for actions, blossoms for fruits, as on the naked twig of the fig-tree fruits sprout forth which are only the fleshy rind of the blossoms.  
Time will yet red to the living an unpublished story of the dead. Time may explain silences which shall make strong men weep. Time may teach our hands to be quiet or our voices to be tender and low. Time may lead up out of the valley of humiliation a troop of penitents to weep at every grave.  
Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rungs of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.  
Facts for the Curious.  
The Chinese physician receives no fee until the patient is cured.  
Profile pictures, it is stated, originated with Philip of Macedon, who had but one eye.  
White alligators found in Brazil travel far and well on land. Their skull and bones are frequently seen in the forests, and they deposit their eggs in the woods.  
In the year 1900 February will have but twenty-eight days, although a leap year. This phenomenon occurs once only in two hundred years, and always in the odd one hundred.  
By the introduction of the telephone into water containing fish, it has been discovered that fish utter singular vocal sounds. There is even said to be a large bivalve in the East which "sings loudly in concert."  
The grave of Emanuel Seigel, an old and respected farmer of the village of Donovan, Ill., who died three years ago, was opened on Saturday. The body was gone, and the coffin occupied by sixteen torpid bull snakes.  
A piece of linen has been found at Memphis containing 540 picks to the inch, and it is recorded that one of the Pharaohs sent to the Lydian king, Croesus, a corselet made of linen and wrought with gold, each fine thread of which was composed of 300 smaller threads twisted together.

THE WHITE HOUSE.  
How the Routine Work of the Presidential Office is Performed.  
The routine office work of the White House constantly increases. The early Presidents were not even allowed a private secretary by law. They had to pay for all clerical assistance out of their own salary. Afterward an assistant was added. From administration to administration the working force grew by the addition of clerks, or the detail of army officers, until what is practically a bureau of appointments has grown up. Including the private secretary, there are now seven persons attached to this bureau, and their positions are no sinecures. Often they are busy until late at night bringing up the day's work. If they allow it to get behind it is next to impossible to deal with it satisfactorily. Perhaps a description of the current office duties of the President's personal staff may interest some readers. An enormous mail is received every day. The private secretary, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Headley, the executive clerk, open and classify them. Of course it is impossible for the President to read all the letters addressed to him. If he should undertake the job he would have little time for anything else. But it is important that he should be able to select from the mass such letters as he wants to read. So there is a system of briefing, and pour on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and grow destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.  
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A new floral device for weddings is a bouquet rope of fern leaves and rose-buds twined with sprays of ground pine.

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Don't Marry a Man to Save Him.  
In these days of degeneracy on the part of our youth, while so many young men are going to ruin through habits of intemperance and kindred vices, it behooves us to sound the note of warning in the ears of the fair sex.  
Very often the alternative of either marrying a man who is addicted to vice or the prospect of old maidenhood, is presented to the fair girl in society; she must accept the one or stand the chance of the other. Now if marrying were a mere business transaction, the matter might be much more readily disposed of; but, unfortunately, hearts are concerned in the affair.  
The girl loves the man, notwithstanding his propensity, and is ready to accept him, trusting to his love for her to overcome everything after they are married. Never was there a sadder mistake; for in nine cases out of ten if a man does not reform for his loved one's sake before marriage, he never will after; and any girl who marries a man who drinks or gambles may consider her fate sealed by the act.  
"But," says some one, "what am I to do? If I reject my lover on these grounds he will drink harder and harder until he fills a drunkard's grave." This may be true; but better, far better, that he only ruin himself than that he bring a wife and perhaps innocent little children down to the depths of poverty and misery.  
Oh, girls, take warning, and trust no man who drinks! For if he has not the manhood to give up the habit for your sake he is not worth having, and your whole future life may be embittered by an alliance with him. If the persuasions of a sweetheart will not win, the chances are that the prayers and tears of a wife will be of no avail to save a man from ruin.  
Let me tell a short story whose warning, though often heard, is seldom heeded.  
A sweet, loving girl became attached to a very promising young man; he was good-looking, came of a highly respectable family, and was prosperous in business; but, alas! he was fond of drink. Frequently when he called upon his betrothed his hand was unsteady and the bright eye dimmed. One night he came very much intoxicated, and caused great sorrow to his dear one and all the family by his conduct.  
The next time they met Clara gently reproved him, and he promised to cease drinking. For a while he kept his promise, but he was tempted and fell; again he promised, and Clara trusted him.  
The time was drawing near for the wedding, and the parents were very much distressed for the welfare of their only daughter; they tried to persuade her not to marry Louis until he reformed entirely; but Clara said that after they were once married and home influence thrown around him, he would be different. Trustingly she gave herself into the care of a man who loved his glass more than he loved his sweet bride.  
For a time he did well. The wife's heart beat high with hope; but in a fatal moment he yielded to temptation, and the first cloud fell on their peaceful home. Gradually he became worse and worse, until he returned home more or less intoxicated every night. The prayers and pleadings of his wife fell on a deaf ear, and the kind husband became brutal and wicked. In three years the demon's work was accomplished, and Clara was left a widow, her husband filling a suicide's grave, her whole life blighted and ruined.  
Once more I would say to all who are contemplating matrimony: Test well your intended husband, and if he loves anything too much to resign it for your sake, refuse him, although your heart may ache; and if he is worthy of you he will prove it by reforming from vice.—  
Waverly Magazine.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.  
Mrs. Bayard Taylor is to publish her husband's biography.  
Women who have not fine teeth laugh only with their eyes.  
Washington ladies visit the races on horseback in large numbers.  
New York women wear tea gowns made in the style of the First Empire.  
Women like balls and assemblies as a hunter likes a place where game abounds.  
The movement is being made in London to bring Booth, Irving and McCullough together in the same play.  
The Toronto Globe truthfully asserts that "ignorance is not the mother of all crime, nor is education a remedy for all."  
Mayor Grace, of New York, was once employed as a waiter in one of the city restaurants. He did his work gracefully.  
A Nebraska journalist, Wm. R. Sweet, has just come into the possession of \$40,000 by a lucky Colorado mining investment.  
On the steamship Italy, which lately arrived in New York City, was a Chinese dwarf who is 44 years old and only two feet high.  
Mr. Shakespeare is Mayor of New Orleans and he is making trouble for the gamblers. They are not overly fond of Shakespeare's works.  
If we had not in our youth pulled down a home's nest we would be unable to appreciate the miseries of the Czar of Russia.  
It is said that at her last drawing-room Victoria very noticeably snubbed the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. What are snubs to her?—she has a husband.  
The man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.  
It is prophesied that a new artist, Mrs. Lakey, of Sandusky, O., will soon out-rival Rosa Bonheur in animal painting. She has been quietly studying in Paris under the master, Van Marcke, and has only lately returned to this country.